APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

YOU SEE, A LONG TIME AGO, THE FOUR OF US ROAMED THE WORLD, WORKING TOGETHER TOWARDS BRINGING ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD.

JUDGMENT DAY, AS WE CALLED IT.

DESTRUCTION WAS ALL WE EVER KNEW. ALL WE EVER WERE.

WE WERE BORN FROM IT, AND WE WALLOWED IN IT.

NOT MOST OF ALL.

HE WAS OUR LEADER, EVEN BACK THEN.

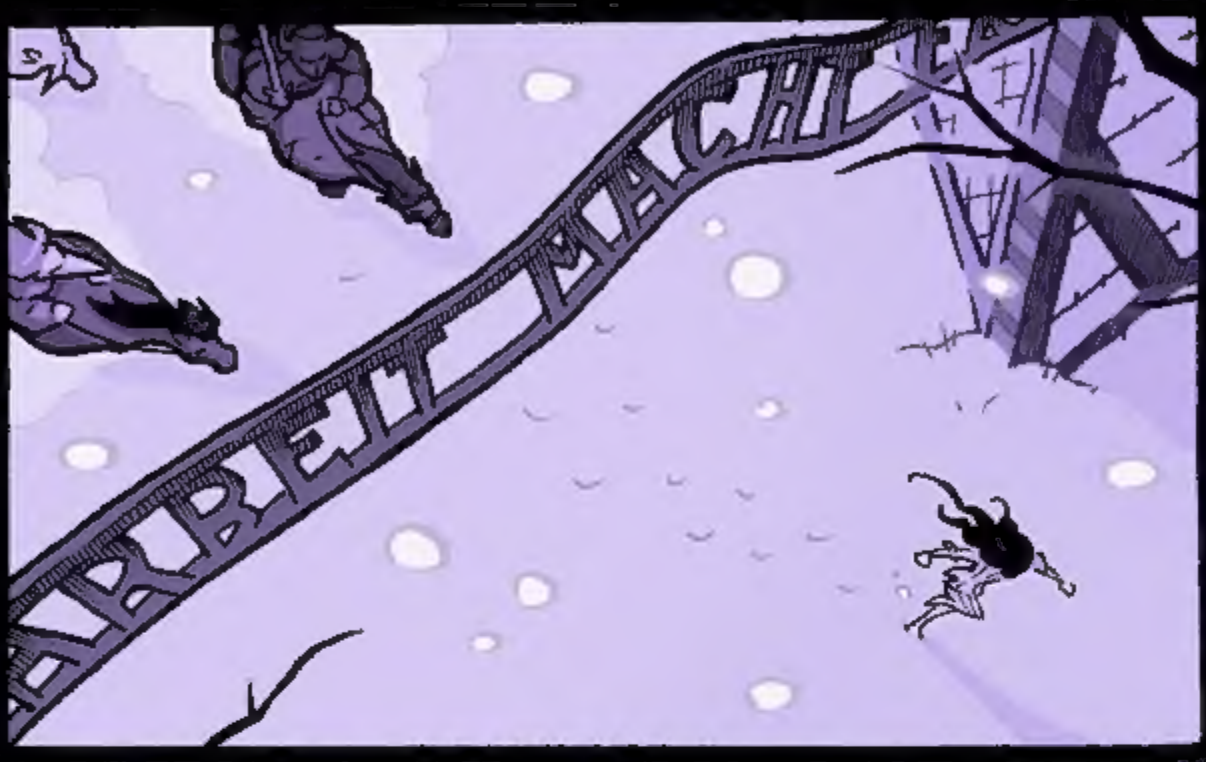
HE HAD A VISION OF WHAT WE WERE TO BECOME, WHAT WE WERE TO ACCOMPLISH.

ACCORDING TO HIM, WE WERE GOD'S INSTRUMENTS.

DESTINED TO CLEANSE THE EARTH AND SENTENCE ALL OF HUMANITY TO BE SAVED OR DAMNED, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

APPOINTED EXECUTIONERS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

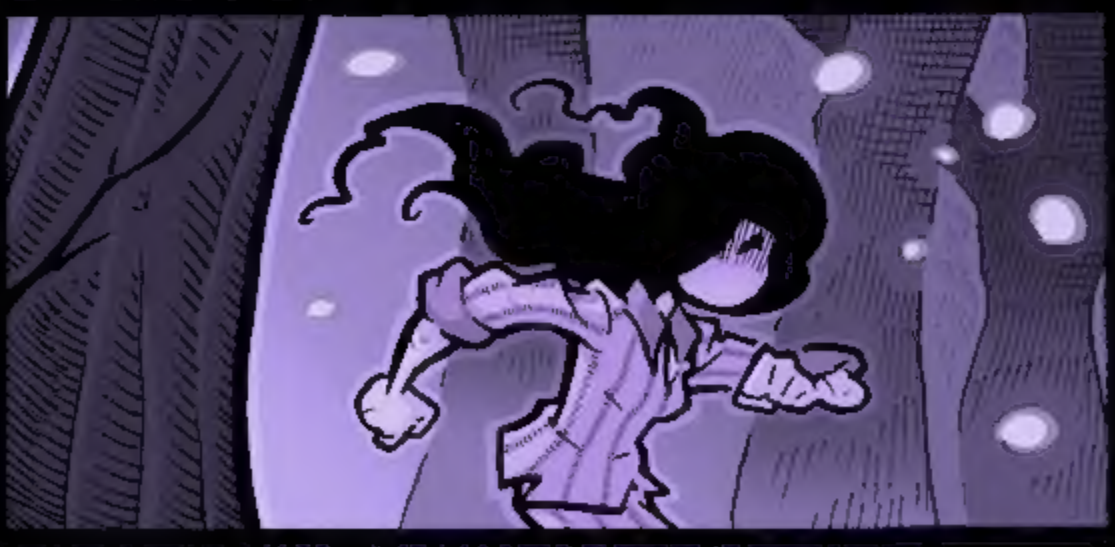
IT TOOK CENTURIES, BUT EVENTUALLY, WE MANAGED TO BRING MANKIND TO THE BRINK OF COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.



AFTER ALMOST A MILLENNIA, OUR GOAL WAS WITHIN OUR GRASP.

AND THEN, IT HAPPENED.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDST OF HUMANITY'S WORST CRIME, WE STUMBLED UPON A SOUL BEARING THE MARKS OF ALL OUR AFFLICTIONS.



AN ORPHANED GYPSY, NOT MUCH OLDER THAN YOU, AND ALREADY PERSECUTED BY WAR, TORMENTED BY STARVATION AND STRICKEN BY DISEASES.

IN OUR EYES, SHE WAS NOTHING. JUST ANOTHER WEED TO BE PLUCKED OUT.

BUT WHEN SHE SAW MOT, HER DEMEANOR CHANGED.

SHE STOPPED RUNNING.

SHE FELL TO HER KNEES AND IMPLORED HIM.

"OH DEATH, I'VE WAITED SO LONG..."

"WHY WOULDN'T YOU COME FOR ME?"

MOT WAS ACCUSTOMED TO THE PLEAS OF MORTALS. WE ALL WERE.

HOWEVER RARE WERE THE ONES THAT WELCOMED US.

AS HE LOOKED AT HER LIFE, MOT SAW HER TIME WAS YET TO COME.

HE WARNED HER THAT, IN SPITE OF HER SUFFERING, WISHING FOR HER OWN DEMISE WOULD STAIN HER SOUL AND DENY HER SALVATION.

SHE TOLD HIM SHE'D LOST THE WILL TO LIVE, AND ALL HOPE TO BE SAVED.

"HAVE YOU NO FAITH?" HE ASKED.

"NOT ANYMORE" SHE ANSWERED.

"NO GOD WOULD HAVE WANTED THIS"

IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO US THEN. BUT... THAT'S WHEN WE SAW.

THAT'S WHEN WE FINALLY SAW OURSELVES.

SAW WHAT WE WERE DOING.

GOD WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THIS. ANY OF THIS.

THIS WAS NOT HIS WILL. NOT HIS DOING.

IT WAS OURS.

WE THOUGHT WE HAD A PURPOSE

CARRYING OUT HIS PLAN AND BRINGING SALVATION TO THE WORTHY. BUT INSTEAD...

WE WERE STRIPPING THEM OF HOPE.

THERE WAS MUCH ABOUT MANKIND TO BE DESPISED, BUT HOPE...

HOPE WAS WORTH SAVING.

HOPE NEEDED TO BE SAVED.

ALL REMAINING PRISONERS DUE FOR EXECUTION WERE SPARED THAT NIGHT.

ALL BUT ONE.

AND MOT VOWED THIS CRIME WOULD BE OUR LAST.